

Light of Truth.

Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the Light of Truth.

Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

LIBERTY.

The day for the trial of Sherwood Canning approached, yet the most vigilant detectives had gained no evidence in his favor; circumstances stood against him as black as at first, and, supported by prejudice, such proof often convicts the innocent.

Mr. Canning's attention had been absorbed by the heresy trial and the establishment of the organization in the hall after the suspension of Arling from the Church. The Arlings were overwhelmed by the mysterious disappearance of Stella. Asphodel had left her one evening more than usually happy, and, on returning an hour after, had gone and left not a word in explanation. She had been seen in company with Waldro and the latter had, shortly after, been rescued from the river into which he had plunged, and Stella's hat had been found in the rushes on the river's bank. When he was dragged out of the water he was in a more than ordinary confused condition of mind and could give no coherent explanation.

"I had a dream, Miss Stanwick came to me and brought my hat full of whiskey. I thought I'd ride down to the river in it."

The event was the talk of the town, and the tongue of gossip wagged the more ceaselessly, as it had no clue on which to hang its perversions. The only trace was the hat by the river, and there was no motive connected therewith. Yet it became a settled conviction by some means, fair or foul, that she had been drowned, and they dragged the old cannon that had done service on the fourth of July in fulminating patriotism, to the river's bank, and with heavy charges sought to bring the body to the surface. The wildest stories were circulated, started no one knew how or by whom, seemingly growing out of the air, and all of them marked by the peculiarity that they were slanderous. An angel from heaven would not escape insinuation from the village gossips.

"She was sly, and had eloped with a man to whom she had become attached while at school. A romantic affair." "Eloped with one she became acquainted with at school. A romantic affair." Another version was that "she had been disappointed and cast herself into the river." "Waldro had, in a moment of insanity, thrown her into the water." He was arrested, and after examination, in which he knew less and less as it was continued, was released on his father's bond. The only clearly defined idea that he had, and clung to, was that Keller was pledged to furnish him with unlimited quantities of whiskey, which he did, keeping him intoxicated most of the time.

The agony of suspense endured by Asphodel was beyond expression. The sisters were united by strongest ties of similarity of tastes, views, and sentiment. They had no secrets from each other and hence the mystery of her disappearance was the greater.

Mr. Canning came in to comfort and be comforted. It was Sunday evening, and Mr. Arling was giving the hour to relaxation.

"Glad a thousand times to see you, Mr. Canning," he exclaimed, "I am in need of some one to hold up my hands by telling me how my lecture was accepted."

"Well, you may be certain, better than any sermon you ever gave. The crowded hall ought to show you how popular you are. There was a beggarly showing at the church, only a few old fossils. The active members to a man are with you."

"I regret being the cause of dissension in the church, and feel keenly the thrusts made at me by my former brethren."

"So might Luther. We want the truth, dissension or no dissension. Our independent Church at the hall is a moral and intellectual force in this community, such as no Church has ever been before. But I have a more important subject in my mind, I mean Stella."

Mrs. Arling understood well his meaning, and replied, suppressing her tears:

"Mr. Canning, we have not a word!"

"I came in, thinking perhaps we might gain knowledge from our spirit friends."

"Oh, I have invoked them, but my mind is dark, I can not see."

In this she had the experience of all sensitives, who, when most desirous of assistance from spirits, are least gratified to receive. Grief shuts out the spiritual light with opaque clouds.

"We can make the trial, and perhaps we may receive some slight message," said Arling.

They sat around the table, and, after a time, Asphodel's face lighted with a glow of joy.

"She is not dead! I see her in a strange room in a city far away. Her surroundings are too elegant and luxurious. She is thinking of us. Now she weeps. She is in fear of a great danger which threatens her." Asphodel sobbed in sympathy.

"In what direction is she?" asked Arling.

"I am drawn this way," pointing to the East.

"Can you not name the city?"

Vainly she essayed this simple matter. What an unreliable source of information, that could trace a person to a city a thousand miles away and give a description of her thoughts and surroundings and yet be incapable of giving the name of the locality! Yet such are the limitations of clairvoyance and spirit-communion. We must accept what comes to us, and seek an understanding of these checks and limitations.

"Will she be restored to us?" asked Canning.

A change flitted over her face, and it was not her unaided clairvoyance which directed her, but an independent intelligence. She spoke in a deep, masculine voice:

"The serpent shall be brought to justice; the wrong shall be righted. You must have patience for a little time. A letter will come to-morrow and explain all."

"Can you not prove yourself what you claim by informing us now what the letter contains?"

The influence could not or would not tell, and passed away. The clairvoyant state returned, and Asphodel, turning to Mr. Canning, said:

"You have in your pocket a treasure given you to keep. It contains a letter of great value to you."

"You refer to the little purse Rodgers gave me to-day to keep?"

"Yes, open it and read the letter."

Mr. Canning obeyed by unclasping the purse and taking from it a closely folded piece of paper. Unfolding it he read:

DEAR MILDRED: Come to Fordham by the evening train. I will meet you.

HOWARTH.

Mr. Canning's hand trembled with his emotion:

"Yes, this is indeed a valuable piece of paper," he exclaimed. "I see clearly, the poor girl was enticed to come to her old home to be murdered by the evangelist!"

"Oh, say not so!" cried Asphodel, now awakened, but still abnormally sensitive, "he can not be such a villain."

"Here is the evidence, morally conclusive, not sufficient, but leading up perhaps to that which will insure conviction."

At this moment Rodgers entered, with apologies for his intrusion. Rodgers, whom we first met a trembling sot and vagabond, was transformed into a man, held in his conduct by the magnetic power of Mr. Canning, who treated him so kindly he was strong in the determination not to disappoint him. He hurriedly explained that Keller had returned by the evening train and fallen in altercation with an associate. Revolvers had been drawn, and he had received a ball in his chest. He could live only a few hours, the doctor informed him, and he said in that case he wished to see Mr. Canning and Mr. Arling, and they must bring a magistrate, for he had something very important to tell them.

They were quickly on their way, stopping at Judge Arthers and getting him to join them. They found Keller in the back room of his saloon, lying on a rude bench bolstered up by a bundle of sacking. An ashy pallor overspread his bronzed and hardened face. Death evidently was soon to claim his blasted spirit. The doctor was making an examination of the wound, carefully testing the plug of cotton he had inserted, he found that the moment it was loosened the blood spurted out, and he saw that death would quickly follow its removal. "What you have to say, you must say quickly," said the physician.

"I have much to say," painfully said the dying man. "I have wronged you and will do what I can to make restitution. Judge, I am going out of your hands, and the Supreme Judge will sentence me. To begin, there was old Budd Rodgers' girl, Mildred."

Rodgers started forward eagerly.

"Howarth gave me a thousand dollars to kill her."

"Did you do it?" cried Rodgers fiercely.

"I met her, as I agreed with Howarth to do, at the depot, and led her along the back streets, and when no one was in sight, I struck her with a sand-bag and killed her. The deacon's fool came along and Canning just in time to take the curse from my shoulders."

"And you allowed young Canning to bear the imputation of this awful crime?" indignantly exclaimed Judge Arther.

"Don't be hard on me, judge, I can't say whether I'd have let him have been hung or not. I am not a devil, though under Howarth's mastership I think I should have become one. There was the robbery of Baum, the jeweler at Hampton. Howarth planned it, and Hale and I did the job. My share of the goods are in that box under the rags. Howarth has all the finest jewels in his trunk at the Hoffman in New York."

He gasped and fainted. The doctor forced a spoonful of brandy into his mouth, and after an interval he again struggled back to life, as though by the iron will of the spirit.

"I must tell you one thing more. We carried away your Stella!"

"What say you?" cried Arling. "Where is she?"

"In New York; where, I can not tell you, for Howarth sent me to the hotel, while he carried her away in a hack."

"Where is Howarth?"

"He is safe in the Tombs, being caught in the act of robbing a bank."

Again he nearly fainted. "Water," he whispered. He drank.

"It once was beer or whiskey," he muttered, "but a dying man wants water. Doctor!"

"Yes."

"Doctor, I am better—the pain has gone!"

The pallor grew ghastly.

"Doctor! One word—judge—say—you will want Howarth—the name he had there is—is—Margrave—judge—no the prisoner has nothing to say—give him as much mercy as you can—he is not quite a—dev—"

From the intense struggle of the will against the collapsing body, the hold of the spirit was broken, the muscles relaxed, and over the hard face fell an expression of repose; of the gentle rest of the strong man after his day's labor.

The little company stood in silence, awed by the presence of death, and overcome by the revelations they had received. The judge was first to speak. He reached out his hand to Mr. Canning.

"You will now do what I have so often advised, bring your case before me. I would have given Sherwood his liberty at any time, had you asked it of me."

"I know. It is not your fault, but he would not allow it. Absolute vindication was his demand, and he would not go out until it was his."

"Come to-morrow early, and your son shall walk out, with a character free from stain. Farther than that the State can not make restitution. It is a shame and disgrace to our laws that a man may be thus imprisoned on suspicion and, however innocent, can not gain redress."

Rodgers stood over the dead body with a look of mingled grief and hatred.

"You robbed me of all I had, Bill Keller. Home, wife, character, and last, when I had set about trying to be a man again, you killed my little Mildred when she was coming home to me."

Grief overcame him. Mr. Canning placed his hand on Rodgers' shoulder and said soothingly:

"We can not change the past, the future only is ours, and we must go on, making the most of the day that is left us."

"I will, I will," he replied. "You saved me by trusting in me when everyone cast me off, and I will prove you did not misplace your confidence."

It was a joyful moment for Mr. Canning when he went to the jail next morning and led his son out of the gloomy building.

He hurriedly explained the events which had led to his

liberation, and last to the fate of Stella. To Sherwood this cast a shadow so dark that his liberation seemed a mockery. What to him was liberty or vindication, if Stella were torn away to an unknown fate! If he were not to meet her he preferred the prison and death. As they walked along the main street they were met by crowds of people, desirous to shake hands and congratulate him. They knew it would be proven that he was innocent. It was a shame he had been imprisoned, and if they had had their way he would not have been for a moment. The mayor was a donkey, and the prosecutor a fool. Such sentiments expressed on the day of the trial would have been valuable. Now they were as sounding words, which he accepted for what they were worth. Mankind retains the animal instinct to destroy the weak and unfortunate. Success is glorified and assisted, failure, provided with a free toboggan and a greased track to limbo.

They met Marshal Lusk who gave them a true-hearted welcome. He had just been in consultation with the judge, who had decided to have the prosecutor at once act in Howarth's case. He would have a requisition from the governor, and the marshal was to bring the evangelist to Fordham for trial.

"If we rely on Asphodel's words, Sherwood, you may find it well to accompany the marshal," said Arling.

"I assuredly rely on what she has said which my father has told me, and gladly will I avail myself of the opportunity. I will compel the miscreant Howarth to tell me where she is."

"Now, that you are not allowed to put him to torture, you may fail in compulsion," said the marshal, laughing at the absurdity of Sherwood's methods of extorting evidence. "Perhaps," he added, "you might have him placed under examination and cross examination for two or three days at a stretch, which is as near the torture-chamber as we can go now-a-days, and severe torture enough."

"A letter was promised to day," said Arling, "and the Eastern mail has arrived. Accompany me home, and perhaps the carrier has left it for us. At all events you must take dinner with me in honor of your liberation. I have a fellow feeling with you, you and I were in prison, you behind stone and iron bars, I behind creeds. We are both at liberty."

When they reached Mr. Arling's residence they were met by Asphodel, holding a letter in her hand, and trembling with excitement.

"It has come," she exclaimed. "What was told you is verified, and, oh, my God, can I say it, away far out on the ocean in the hands of a fiend."

She wrung her hands in agony.

"No, Asphodel," said Arling, "be comforted, for it is not as irretrievable as that. We have learned that Howarth is in jail, and hence can not harm her for the present."

"Oh, say you so? Yet how can that be true? Allow me to read the letter."

"DEAR ASPHODEL: The maid has promised to send you this letter, yet I have no faith that it will reach you. Should it do so, it will tell you that I love you with my latest breath, and that my misfortune was not brought on me by waywardness of mine. Waldro brought me a letter signed Sherwood, requesting me to come at once to the jail as his life depended on my doing so, it said. Howarth wrote the letter, and I was led by Waldro to some place, I know not where, made unconscious, and brought here. Howarth has been here to-day. He has engaged passage to Europe. If I will not marry him, I go as his insane wife, whose complaints are silenced by certificates of well-known physicians. The ship sails to-morrow morning and escape is impossible. You will think it better I were dead, as I do myself. I have prayed to die, but that is as useless as to endeavor to escape. When you read this I shall be on the sea beyond reach. Remember me kindly, and that you all are dear to me, though we may never meet again."

STELLA.

"Number—Fifth Avenue, New York."

"The letter was written before the arrest of Howarth," said Canning, "and hence she has not been taken away by him, and is yet there."

"My task is made easy by the letter," rejoined Sherwood, "I now know exactly where to go for her, and I will not wait for the marshal and the tedious processes of law."

"When you find the poor child," said Asphodel, "tell her that we doubted her not for a moment, and our hearts ache for her, and the gladdest moment of our lives will be when we welcome her back."

(To be Continued.)

(From Our Reporter's Note-Book.)

A TRUMPET CIRCLE.

A seance for trumpet manifestations can be reported in two ways—socially and scientifically, or phenomenally and philosophically. To adopt the first-named exclusively would, perhaps, be most gratifying to those who attended; but it would simply be a body without soul to the outsider—a Munchausen tale to the skeptic. The non-participant wants to know what evidence there is for accepting the reported phenomena as genuine. A test, therefore, is in order, to give the report scientific value or lend verity to the whole.

To begin, then, it must be said that shortly after the circle was formed with a number of trumpets arrayed as marshaling hosts in the center, and the lights put out) one of the trumpets leveled itself at the writer's head, and whispered a name which he recognized. Interested in what else might come, he lent an ear to the invisible agent, and something was whispered which had occurred to him at home that noon—something unknown to anyone present, with no possibility of its being known. It was a spirit-test, and as such had scientific value to the writer. Another interesting and practical test was received by a lady immediately behind the reporter. A spirit whispered to her the name of B—. "B—, B—," said the lady, apparently puzzled, "I don't remember you." Then the spirit spoke again, and said: "You buy your vegetables from my wife in the market." With a hearty laugh the lady replied, "Oh, yes, that's true; now I know who you are." Others claimed to have received tests equally as convincing; but as most of those present had been convinced ere this, they undoubtedly have preference for a social report, which, however, is not out of order now, and, under the circumstances, will prove interesting to all readers of this.

Immediately after the lights were lowered, two spirits manifested simultaneously. One was the irrepressible Jimmie Johnson, and the other known as Pat, who ordered, in strong brogue, to have the door leading to an ante-room closed to exclude a stream of light that was coming in.

Singing followed this, in which the spirits joined, some doing so independently, and some through the trumpet.

Then began the feast. Names were called and recognized; whispered conversations held by two, three, and four spirits with their mortal friends at one time—several in German, "Frits" being especially amusing when importuned by Jimmie to "talk United States;" spirit lights flitted by as a change; Indian war-whoops broke the stillness when least expected; some laughed; some whistled tunes through the trumpet as well as independently in mid air. One spirit demanded an Irish tune to be played, which was accordingly done, and in response all the trumpets spoke in the brogue. "Father Halley" followed with a Latin hymn; Emma Abbott sang by request, after having announced her presence through a trumpet. John Morris came momentarily, and said he had slipped off for a minute to give a greeting. Dr. Schmidt held a lengthy conversation in German. Dr. Tupper, Charley Taylor, White Water, Daguerre, Pat McLean, Miahmiah, Charley Brown, Dr. Foster, Lillie Roberts, Dr. Cushman, Grace McCormick, Maggie Thompson, H. W. Beecher, Charley Roth, Charley Aszmann, all known to some one present, and a number of other spirits giving only their first names, held communion with one or more in the circle. Mrs. Stevens closed with some good advice through Mr. Archer.

Among the mediums present for these phenomena were H. W. Archer, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Cohen, Miss Miller, Mr. Cole, Mrs. Bartholomew, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Hoadley, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Kibby, Dr. Eddy, Mrs. Pennell (whom "Fly Away" controlled on various occasions with amusing grace), and a number of others who contributed magnetically.

The evening was apparently enjoyed by everyone, as none complained of weariness, either mentally or physically, though the seance lasted over two hours. The circle was composed of about one hundred, well harmonized, which made conditions favorable for the wonderful results obtained.

Written for the Light of Truth.

BEAUTIES OF BREVITY.

BERTHA J. FRENCH.

In general, those who nothing have to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it;
They turn and vary it in every way,
Washing it, stewing it, mincing it, ragouting it;
Sometimes they keep it purposely at bay,
Then let it slip, to be again pursuing it;
They drone it, growl it, whisper it, and shout it,
Refute it, flout it, swear to't, prove it, doubt it.

So says Lowell; and I have no doubt but that every editor in the world agrees with him. Yes, and every writer, also; that is, theoretically. But we all know that it is much easier to coddle theories than it is to practice them. To be paradoxical, one does not always have time to be brief. So many unnecessary word tip-toe in, redundant phrases, and the unconscious telling of things twice in different words. Then, of course, we yield to the bewitchment of ornamentation. It is such a temptation to "fix up" our work gallantly, with a little trimming, and before we are aware we grow quite extravagant with our wealth of nothingness. Our flowers look so pretty to our undisciplined eyes that we enthusiastically throw our pruning-knife over the fence.

In the contemplation of our buttercups and daisies, we forget the Parnassus of roses, bequeathed to humanity by poets of every age. It is this fact—so much has been written, and there are such a host of literary stars constantly tossing us meteors of thought—that necessitates brevity on the part of "everyday-kind-of-writers," at least. We must learn to crowd a great deal of something into a modicum of space. We must avoid detail. We must forego the pleasure of "leading up to our subject" through a little flower-draped avenue. Brevity demands the omission of even the pet peroration. It bids us say what we have to at once, and stop.

There must be a fascination in inking paper. How one's pen will wander from the main road—the subject—into all the little by-paths and unexplored recesses, leaving behind a trail of "words, words, words." Even the editorial pen occasionally yields to the siren spell. How many readers, trying to "get through" a long editorial, have wondered if that quill, like the brook, was going on forever?

Dickens, in his inclination for detail, would be unreadable if he were not Dickens, but his original, piquant quaintness "robs it of all taste of tediousness." Can we say the same of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve"? They are works glittering with genius, but there is too much. After reading "David Grieve," one can sympathize with the critic in *Harper's* who exclaimed "that the first thought of the reader after reading the book will be that the writer has unlimited time at her command, and is under the delusion that the reader has the same amount."

Even Goethe's genius can not save "Wilhelm Meister" from the dullness attendant on diffuseness. Emerson is a model thought-condenser. At times he may be hazy, but can any other writer pack thought as solidly into Socratic sentences as Emerson? Every line is suggestive of fragrant flowers and the glitter of jewels.

Brevity sweetens pleasure; it is the key-note of success. The beauties of brevity should be considered by writers preachers, conversationalists, and lecturers. Is it not wise to leave one's audience crying, like "Oliver Twist," "more more," than thinking with "Portia," "Scant this excess. feel too much thy blessing; make it less for fear I surfeit."

A Trance and Then Death.

John Randall Kennison, living near Folkston, Ga., was taken suddenly sick and apparently died. The body was prepared for burial and a coffin sent for. Near the hour of midnight those watching with the body were startled to notice faint quiver of the lips, and in a few seconds the "dead man" opened his eyes and sat up. The family was overjoyed who it developed that Kennison had only been in a trance. The coffin arrived in the meantime, and Kennison's friends were about to return it to the undertaker when Kennison fell asleep again and perhaps died, for they buried him soon.—*Exchange*

If the doctors did not know that their patient was alive during his first trance, how did they know he was dead when he again relapsed into that state? Those who have studied the laws and conditions of trance, will be slow in coming to the conclusion that the subject was dead. Too much caution can not be taken in such cases, as the presumption always lies on the side of recovery. It would appear from repeated blunders made by physicians that the profession is lamely bly ignorant of the higher psychic forces.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Writers for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (THE COMMON SENSE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS).

A government is not just, nor purely and truly democratic, under which a single individual has not every right and immunity enjoyed by every other individual. Any and every law which discriminates, favoring one class at the expense of another, is wrong, and breeds the seeds of revolution. While all, in the very nature of things, can not be equal in powers of mind and in capacity to seize the opportunities presented to them, agrarian leveling is not advisable, even impracticable, and this very fact necessitates wise provisions of government to protect those crowded from the vantage ground; yet this self-evident duty is the one most neglected. Laws are made for the strong, not for the weak, who have no voice in their enactment, and in no department has this been more confirmed than in finance.

Money is a convenience of trade. It is a measure and representative of value, and may be such with or without intrinsic value of its own. Perhaps there never was a greater infatuation than for a people to believe that gold is wealth, and yet there never was a belief more sacredly held. It is instilled by education, and reiterated by statesmen. It is further aggravated by the claim that gold is the only money, and the loss of gold means loss of wealth.

The falsity of this belief will be apparent when we consider the result on this nation should every dollar of money, greenbacks, bank notes, gold, and silver, be destroyed. Would the nation be poorer, and by how much? The value of the paper money is the cost of making; and being re-made, all domestic transfers could be as readily performed, and no value would have perished. As the gold could not be worn or serve as food, it would not be missed until we wished to purchase in foreign markets, then we would find ourselves losers by that much value, yet all we have does not represent the foreign purchases of a single year. Domestically, the nation would be poorer by the value gold and silver have in the arts.

Money, in any form, to be money, must represent value; must represent the labor which has come in possession of it, and give assurance that it will purchase that labor again, or the products of it. Its value may not be in its intrinsic worth, but entirely representative. Such a currency, ideally, would give advantage to none. It passes from hand to hand, fulfilling its mission. It is furnished by the government to the people for their use, and not for the advantage of a class.

Simple as this may appear of the functions of money, from immemorial time—for the money-changer was a feature of the sanctuary scoured therefrom—there has been a class standing by the side of the tyrant ruler, manipulating money for their exclusive gain, and suggesting the laws which played the wealth of the nations into their hands.

The fiction has always been that the only money was gold, with occasionally the acceptance of silver, and the issue of paper, based on the precious metals, for the purpose of grasping wealth by the disparity between the created and fluctuating values of these. There never was a more stupendous falsehood foisted on mankind, and none has better served to keep the masses in poverty. For whatever the financial laws might be, or the value placed on gold, silver, or paper, it has ever been done by the financiers for their own emolument against the laborers.

Money, which earns nothing, is inert and passive, has been made the most active and potential of all the forces of social life. We have a government of, by, and for the people, and yet there is not a single financial law on our statute books made at the demands of the people. Every great scheme of finance was hatched in Wall Street. Every banking law has been enacted at the suggestion of bankers, although this was necessary so, for the bankers held the fortunes of war and the throat of the nation, and since that time it has been the same. The advantage gained has not been relinquished. Is it for a moment entertainable that the united bankers devise laws which uphold and make possible their vast schemes for other than their own advantage? Or are there people so verdant as to believe that Wall Street is laboring exclusively for the good of the nation?

A nation can not prosper and maintain a lie, any more than can an individual. The lie may be patched over and concealed, but it will after a time break down under the burden that only the sturdy back of truth can bear.

This nation has been living a financial lie. It has said—the banks have said, and the people been all believing—that the only money was gold, and more, that the only thing on earth that could be a base for representative money was gold. The honor and good faith of 65,000,000 people was as nothing beside a yellow disc of metal.

On the strength of this tremendous lie over \$750,000,000 of paper has been issued, and for this \$100,000,000 in gold is kept in reserve. As it is announced that all kinds of money are to be kept at par, the silver reserve is of no value in redemption. The efforts of the treasury are Herculean to hold this reserve, which has been set without any reason or cause. If there should be a persistent run on the treasury, it would soon have to suspend; and if the paper represents gold, there should be deposited dollar for dollar. One hundred million dollars are thus guaranteed: What does the other \$650,000,000 in circulation represent? Possibly, under a different ruling, silver at sixty cents on the dollar guarantees a part, but the vast sum is guaranteed by the integrity, faith, and honesty of the American people, represented in their government. Let every dollar of gold go out of the treasury, and return the burdensome bars of silver to commerce; and if the idolatry to the gold bug could be effaced from the national mind, there would be no disaster, but increasing prosperity, and the financial problem, which boils and seethes like a witch's pot, around which bankers of high and low degree gather, while the secretary of the treasury awaits their divination as an oracle from the Most High, would become least of all perplexities.

The government, to escape, may sell bonds to maintain the lie which rests at the foundation of this scheme of finance. It will have to sell a great many bonds to pay for these, and will be ever in the position of the man who, when he renewed his note at the bank at a higher rate of interest, thanked God that another debt was paid. It may and, at last, will find that of the roads open before it, it has taken a blind alley.

There are two roads now; one is to shake off the "Old Man of the Sea," the incubus of the ages, and rely on the people. The government is the people. Cease the vain attempt to make gold and silver of equal value. It is difficult enough to keep one metal consistent with itself—so difficult that in the hands of "financiers" it has been more elastic than a strip of rubber. The attempt of the government to "corner" silver has been a terrible failure, and a less wealthy nation would have been bankrupted. Is it money or is it not? If it is, let it be declared so; and if it is not, let that fact be known. Pay out the gold reserve as demanded, with the assurance that it is a fetish which will be no longer worshipped. Then the power of the golden calf will be broken, and every laborer in the nation rejoice.

And the other way? Is to go on living the lie, worshipping the lie, and piling up retribution against the day when fail-

ure comes. For this financial mill, so planned that when grinding the grists, every soul of the people is compelled to bring to it, takes the grists for toll, leaving the owners only enough to support life while they are producing it, can not run forever. The people are being rapidly educated, and are beginning to understand the machinery by which their grists vanish, leaving them a little flour and the bran.

Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

A. P. BOWSER.

The developing circle which meets at Mr. Willis' residence at 204 East Third Street, each Monday evening, comprised of fifteen members, were apprised several weeks ago by Mr. Willis' control, John Morris, that he desired to give them a special seance on Saturday evening, May 20th. The members of the circle eagerly grasped the opportunity, and each looked forward to the time when they would be able to behold the good things in store.

Among them present were the following people: Mrs. Aszman and daughter, Mrs. Bente, Mr. Foethang, Mr. E. E. Kruthoffer, Dr. Walker, Mr. Kruppe and wife, Mrs. Miller, Miss Augusta Brandt, Mr. Selgrove, Mr. Hally, Mr. Ransom, Mrs. Annie Neelan, Mrs. West Willis, Josephine Willis, Master Sargent Willis, Mr. A. P. Bowser, and others unknown to the writer.

The circle met promptly at the appointed time, and was supplemented by eight or ten others who were permitted to come upon special invitations of members.

The organ was placed in the rear of the room, Mrs. Kruthoffer presiding as organist, and a choir composed of members of the circle occupied seats in close proximity. After Mr. Willis, the medium, had arranged the sitters to secure the best magnetic effect, he proceeded to bolt the door and windows, and extended the usual invitation to any one who so desired to examine for themselves and ascertain if any possibility could exist for intrusion by mortals. At this juncture the light was partially subdued and the curtain of the cabinet pulled down.

The meeting was opened by repeating the Lord's prayer, after which the organist and choir played, and sang several songs. During this interval there was no indication of spirit presence. Some one in the circle recognizing the fact that John Morris was a good soldier when in earth life, began singing "Marching Through Georgia," or the famous song of the "Sherman Boys." At the close of this song, Mr. Willis remarked, "This is discouraging." Scarcely had he uttered the sentence ere we heard an independent voice remark, "Be patient, we will be with you soon."

Mr. Morris, grand spirit that he is, soon appeared and greeted one and all in a cordial manner. We were informed that conditions were none of the best on account of the heavy atmosphere and electrical disturbance. However, regardless of these disadvantages we hoped to be able to prove the immortality of man and that spirits do return to the mortal. We were also apprised of the fact that individual manifestations would not be given. The seance was of a special nature and the result of a newly developed phase of the medium.

While singing the song "I Would not Live Always," there appeared a magnificent spirit in the center of the circle robed in Russian costume and under full light, bowed and smiled pleasantly to each, then announced herself as Madam Blavatsky. She continued to walk about the circle and gave each an opportunity to observe her every feature and expression. Suddenly her visible presence vanished, and we could only feel the impression of her noble soul remaining.

We again engaged in singing, when Miss Emma Abbott appeared and requested from the cabinet that we sing "Down the Swanee River." The organist played and Miss Abbott, in full glare of the light, standing outside the cabinet, sang as she perhaps never sang before in a measured, rich voice. It is impossible for the pen to describe that grand sweet voice! Those present who have heard Miss Abbott sing while in earth life, are loud in their praise and claim that this effort was unsurpassed by her in the mortal. Noticing how agreeably surprised, also how each one appreciated her song—the organist seeming to divine her wish—proceeded to play "Home, Sweet Home." In a modified voice she sang one verse (power growing weak) which was equal in expression and sweetness.

Miss Abbott was richly dressed with long train and magnificent profusion of lace and trimmings. The features were clear cut and discernible under the bright light afforded. Her gestures were perfect and fully characteristic. She appeared to us and sang, assuming the same individuality and personality as in earth life.

There seemed to be a succession of startling phenomena. Miss Abbott scarcely disappeared ere three beautiful female spirits appeared. The writer immediately knew them as the "Fox Sisters," and was happy to learn the truth of his promptings.

Following the Fox sisters a most remarkable materialization of forms ensued. There appeared seven at one time, observed by all present. The writer occupying a rear seat could see even more who were in the other room, and presumed them to represent the different controls. We have no hesitancy in claiming three or four forms materializing at one time.

Mr. Morris requested us to remain quiet for a short time and he would endeavor to speak independently. He spoke at considerable length, informing us what we had seen we, in all probability, never would be able to see again. While we had been thus favored, it was the result of great effort to bring such an array of characters together, and he doubted his ability to do so again.

Charles Sargent, an old-time and well-known citizen of Cincinnati, who passed to spirit life a short time ago, spoke intelligently through the trumpet. His voice was recognized by many present, and he greeted those by name who knew him in earth life. Some one asked the question, "Charles, are you satisfied?" He replied, "I have to be; I have no other recourse. Friends," he continued, "I desire to admonish you to so live in the mortal that, when you make the great change, you can face without fear or reproach the mysteries that will confront you. This place is a poor place to make amends for evils of earthly existence. Good bye."

A German spirit, announcing himself as Dr. Schmidt, addressing his remarks to Mr. Kruthoffer, gave all a friendly greeting in the German tongue. He claimed to live, while in earth life, on Ninth Street, Cincinnati, O.

There were numerous incidents transpiring which were observed by the writer, who will, however, refrain from overburdening your valuable paper.

Mr. Morris requested us to close the circle by singing the Lord's Prayer.

After singing and repeating the same, Mr. Willis asked the question, "Shall we close?" In response three raps were given, signifying "Yes."

Amid numerous voices of spirits saying "Good-bye, mother," "Good-bye, father," "Good-bye, brother," etc., a match was lighted, and the curtain to the cabinet, suspended in mid air, fell against a trumpet, precipitating it to the floor; and thus we reluctantly closed a most remarkable seance.

Church members who cry, "no taxation without representation" should also be consistent enough to permit taxpayers to demand that there be no Church representation in government without taxation.

A Seance by Mrs. M. E. Williams.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

It has been my privilege to be present at a recent materializing seance held at the home of Mrs. M. E. Williams, 212 West Forty-Sixth Street, New York, and I am constrained to say that the entire proceeding was a revelation to me.

On a few occasions I have formed a link in circles, but at no time was I impressed with the dignity and impressiveness of the moment as I was at this particular seance. There were about thirty persons present, and from general appearance they all converged from the busy marts of life to find peace in spirit communion, and the blessed hope of a future that consoles and stimulates man in the whirligig of business. Each member of the circle seemed lost in introverted reflection, and I was unexpectedly surprised by the respectful or religious atmosphere that settled over all. There were many men in that circle who religiously awaited the appearance of some loved friend from the brighter side of the curtain, whom one would be more likely to meet on the street discussing the latest phase of the "cordage collapse." And even the scoffing, editorial people were represented on this occasion, with respectful demeanor. There was present a gentleman connected with a large New York daily that at one time antagonized Spiritualists, and this medium in particular; and it is pleasing to note that he was there in a friendly spirit, and has at times recorded his honest convictions of the remarkable things that he witnessed at those seances.

When the people were comfortably seated, and aided in getting the proper conditions by a well-rendered musical selection, Mrs. M. E. Williams delivered herself of a brief talk on Spiritualism, spiritual phenomena, and kindred subjects. She encouraged rigid, independent investigation, she said—investigation by men and women of vigorous thinking powers and analytical mind, who would not accept unsupported affirmations without question. She invited thinkers and philosophers, who would give reasons for their opinions. Such persons would be always welcomed to her seance-room rather than those who would suffer themselves to be led to conclusions by superficial appearances.

Thy medium faced the audience, and as she concluded they marked their appreciation of her sentiments; and a very audible rapping, that seemed to come from all points of the compass at the same time, testified that the spirit world was in harmony with the general feeling.

I will diverge here to relate a story that is going the rounds. Frank Cushman is a "cabinet spirit" (that is, a spirit which appears at each seance of Mrs. Williams), I understand. His tone is sonorous and strong, and his speech voluble, and proves himself a very valuable attendant at these circles. This feature gives the impression to all new-comers that it is a real, live man of earth that is conducting things; and a short time since a person who had attended a seance given by Mrs. Williams called at her home, with the request that he be introduced to Mr. Cushman, that he might interview him on what he had witnessed at the circle. The would-be interviewer, I am told, was much surprised to learn that "Frank Cushman" belonged to another life, and was accessible only under certain conditions.

My companion at this circle of which I write was just such a person as Mrs. Williams delights to have at her meetings. Every communication was criticized, every manifestation was thoughtfully regarded; and when Prof. Kiddle's spirit walked around the room, accompanied by the spirit of a lady unknown to the writer, my friend did not put the question as to "how the spirit hand felt," but was lost in wonder at the life-like resemblance. This manifestation of Prof. Kiddle, attired in evening dress, certainly was beyond dispute. I had had the pleasure of a conversation with the gentleman on more than one occasion when he was in the flesh, and I can say that it was a perfect manifestation. I can not say that the voice bore the similarity to the professor's, but those better versed in spiritual phenomena very likely could explain this; neither had it the slightest suspicion of the accent of the medium. She was suffering from a severe cold, but the voice of the spirit was clear.

The medium had scarcely drawn the folds of the cabinet together, and taken her seat in the chair, than the marvelous spirit power asserted itself; for before the lights could be lowered "Priscilla," attired in the garb of some religious order, issued from the cabinet and blessed the meeting.

I have frequently heard Mrs. Williams speak at public gatherings, but I never heard her say that she believed in "blessing," and this to me would confirm her statement that she "knows absolutely nothing of what occurs during the period of spirit influence."

"Bright Eyes" was there at the same time, and did not seem to be a bit more awed by the solemnity of the hour than a child of our own homes.

Phoebe and Alice Cary conversed for quite a while with a gentleman, evidently engaged in literary pursuits, judging from their conversation. He asked, "Will you help me?" "We will," was the reply. "Then I am sure I shall succeed."

Carrie Miller, the spirit daughter of Mr. Chas. H. Miller, of Brooklyn, very eagerly looked for recognition. I was much interested in this spirit, knowing, in a business way, her father to be an earnest and enthusiastic defender of the spiritual cause (though, perhaps, he is not aware of my existence). But an acquaintance of her father, Mr. S. Cox, of Brooklyn, recognized her, and it was pathetic in the extreme to note the intensity of her desire that her papa should be told she manifested, and that she wished to be spoken of tenderly to him. Mr. Cox assured her that he would respect her wishes, and the spirit effusively thanked him.

Mr. Cox asked the controlling spirit if his wife would manifest that evening, and Mr. Cushman replied: "I am prudent in making promises, as results are dependent upon conditions." He afterwards had an interview with his wife.

There were two young ladies present; and from all I could gather from the prattle of "Bright Eyes," they hailed from Boston. They were in constant communication with the cabinet spirits, and one of those ladies, particularly, Miss ———, was very much impressed with the prevailing influence, so much so as to draw admonitory protests from the cabinet. The spirit of "Rose" called for this lady, and there was a joyful meeting, indeed. For a short time they chatted on topics of private concern, and then there was a good deal of commotion, for Miss ——— had either become very hysterical or the spiritual influence was too overpowering, and at a request from the cabinet she was borne to her seat.

A gentleman named Henderson talked with some friends. Mr. S. D. Nichols and Mr. Samuel Bogart were names that I caught, but so many spirits were on the floor at the same time that it was impossible to keep track of names and incidents.

Several forms would come through the folds of the cabinet curtain, names would be announced by "Bright Eyes" and Mr. Cushman, and after a greeting with their friends would slowly disappear at the feet of the audience. At the same moment some other spirit or spirits would be holding converse with friends in another part of the room.

One spirit, that seemed to find it difficult at first to secure recognition, at last found a friend, of whom it was requested "that Charlie be told that Uncle Hiram is here practicing." Vigorous raps were heard during this communication.

Charles Partridge connected with the first Spiritualist

paper started in New York, and Principal of the Twenty-Eighth Street School, was readily recognized by a gentleman who exploited an ultra-military air and commendably reserved demeanor.

The form of a young man appeared to the audience, wearing what appeared to be a handkerchief, and in a smothered voice he called out, "Gus, old man, I am alive." Mr. Wasserman found in this spirit his friend of earth, Frederick Brokan, of New York, who at Saratoga, last Summer, lost his life in an endeavor to rescue two young girls from drowning.

Dr. Holland's spirit did not manifest on this evening. In answer to a question from the circle, "Bright Eyes" said that Dr. Holland, instead of doing the preaching as formerly, "now does a good deal of listening."

"Eddie" and "Bright Eyes" appeared together, and the leadings of the latter helped the audience to a proper feeling for "home, sweet home."

From our Reporter's Note Book.

Materialization, Etherealization, and Transformation of Spirits.

The first seance under the management of Mr. Edgar C. Gardner, with Mr. H. W. Archer as medium, took place on Friday evening, the 19th of May, at the latter's residence on Gilbert Avenue, this city. The circle was composed of about a dozen, all told—a good number for generating the proper magnetic relations between the medium or the spirits and the sitters. The first thing in order was the examination of the cabinet. This is a handsome framework of black walnut, made to fit across a corner of any room. Besides being paneled all through, it has an artistic cornice as a finish. In the centre is a sliding door with a window, which is closed for half-form materializations. Otherwise the aperture is covered by portiers. This cabinet is an ideal of the friends of Mr. Archer in Springfield, O., who had it constructed especially for his use, and thus presented it to him in token of their high appreciation for his mediumship. It has a good aura about it. The interior is lined with black cloth, hanging loosely against the rear walls. This cloth can be lifted by the investigator for the purpose of examining the same. The floor is carpeted—being a continuation of the room carpet—and nailed fast all around. When all have satisfied themselves as to solidity of everything about the medium, the circle is formed and the seance begins.

While Mrs. Archer sings, the medium passes into a trance on a chair outside of the cabinet, which takes perhaps two or three minutes. No sooner is this effected, than a spirit appears—generally little Jimmie Johnson, a bright little fellow of about ten years, who has the wisdom of a sage. He was followed by a beautiful young lady, Lillie Roberts, who, after showing herself fully to the circle, took the entranced medium by the arm and led him into the cabinet, whereupon she momentarily returned and then retired again. In rotation followed a young lady, recognized as the daughter of a prominent physician present, a six-foot Atlantean; Starlight, who dematerialized outside of the cabinet. Then the cabinet door was closed and at the window appeared a stranger, not recognized; an Egyptian, recognized by a gentleman present, as his guide; Edna and Eddy, recognized; Alice Rosmore who materialized two sprays of ——— and left them to be distributed among the circle; Yarna, another Atlantean, who called up the reporter, extended his hand to him, knelt down a moment, and rising up again was transformed from a six-foot brawny, full-bearded, long-faced man, into a five-foot, round-faced, coquettish-looking woman, calling herself Belle Wilson—the transformation from an ancient spirit to a modern belle was the work of ten seconds. Next came a lady spirit to another well-known physician present, followed by Jimmie again, who performed his floating act, speaking while moving upward and disappearing over the top of the cabinet. Next came Evaline, a pretty damsel, handing a tea-rose, fresh with the dew on it, to a young man present—the latter accepting it as a test, best known to himself. Then came Lillie to Mrs. Bartholomew; a face not recognized; a young man not recognized; a white-bearded spirit not recognized; then two spirits, who, after a moment's view, went down like a flash. This was followed by a big Indian, who gave a yell to be heard a block off; followed by Miahmiah; and Peggy and Carrie Miller arm in arm, showing the contrast of a black and white spirit—one having a pug nose and the other a Grecian nose. Three spirits followed this who were not recognized. Then came Leonora, a beautiful Egyptian lady; followed by Lacota, another ancient, who gave the writer a startling test, mentioning a fact that occurred some ten or twelve years ago, and which had been forgotten as a thing of no importance. Then came Mary St. Clair, recognized; a stranger; a brother to the manager; a soldier calling himself Capt. McCarty, and looking like his brother; Harvey, recognized; two sons of the first-named physician present, and recognized; Pat, a talkative Irishman and strong in the brogue; Daguerre; the native grandfather; John C. Bundy, who called up the reporter and said he was doing a good work for mediums. The make up of Mr. Bundy was very good and readily to be recognized by those who knew him. Then came Sarah, also recognized, whereupon the door was withdrawn again and E. V. Wilson stepped forth, spoke a few words, and dematerialized outside of the cabinet. This was followed by Carrie Miller etherealized; Jimmie; an Indian; George Spencer; Lillie Roberts; and one other, when the medium came forth in trance, which indicated the close of the seance—some fifty spirits having shown themselves, and many recognized. Where did they all come from? Is anyone silly enough to believe that Mr. Archer can keep fifty people employed night after night and pay them out of a mere pittance which he receives for his time—two or three dollars at most? Does anyone believe that fifty people would work so harmoniously night after night for about three cents an hour and furnish costly lace costumes worth hundreds of dollars, without striking for higher wages? Does anyone believe that intelligent mortals would submit to such humiliations? Only spirits can do this, and being free from human weakness, as pride and selfishness, they come to bless humanity by their works of love and angelic ministrations.

Information Wanted.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

I have known many who have abandoned the study of Spiritualism because it brought about them the influence of certain spirits which annoyed them, and which had an ill effect, either upon the body or mind, or upon both. Now, I wish to suggest that those who have knowledge upon this point, and who can give a sufficient remedy against the evils named, would oblige the public by publishing their knowledge to the world. Being subject to spirit control, we should also learn to control the spirits, and thereby become enabled to separate evil from good.

JAMES MONROE.

Box 74, Peoria, Ill.

[The best remedy that can be suggested for those who are ill-effected by spirit communion is to leave it alone, but may continue to study the philosophy until sufficiently posted to know the cause of these annoyances or evils. The only general advice that can be given is self study, though personal experiences often aid the student to an understanding of these matters. Mediumship, like a combination lock, needs many twists and turns before it will deliver up the pure gems behind it.—Ed.]

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon,

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2; seance begins at 3. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain no enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. A. E. KIRBY, Medium. Mrs. J. CLEGG WRIGHT, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday Afternoon, May 16, 1893.

PROLOGUE.

Oh, thou supreme power that causes all things to exist; that warms and invigorates all things upon the face of the earth as well as in the spheres beyond; that guards, guides, and directs us, lifting us out of the conditions that are dark, showing us the higher way, and bringing man that which will enlighten him spiritually; for each and everyone of thy creatures must evolve into higher conditions while upon the earth plane, or in the spirit realm just above this. Oh, how grand are all the beauties of life; how little man understands them; what little value he places upon the same, until this grand spiritual power enters into him, and causes him to view with more spiritual eyes the beauties that surround him. How little does man comprehend the vastness of the love that encompasses all things, and how little does he know of that great wave of love that is flowing throughout all nations, drawing men closer and closer together, and developing more and more of that divine principle within him constantly. But in time he will understand better; then will all live in peace with one another. May this day be soon upon us with its many blessings.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUES.—[By T. City] What effect would a prohibition of mediumistic practices have on Spiritualism?

ANS.—Chairlady and friends, if all the mediums of your land to-day were to cease practicing that which is given them from the spirit side of life Spiritualism would immediately stagnate. There would be those who knew Spiritualism to be a fact, that would always stand firm and acknowledge the fact of spirit power, but there would be no new converts added to your ranks, for no man or woman would willingly accept the testimony of another, and if you silence your mediums, if you forbid them practicing that which is their work to do to prove to you without a doubt the eternal existence of man, to prove to you the communion which is held between this world and the spirit world, immediately you would become as many in your Churches are to-day, dead in spirit; for there would be no warmth within you; you would settle back again into that cold life from whence you received no joy heretofore, from whence you receive no joy hereafter, and every one of you who have gained this grand truth through proof given to you from some instrument in the hands of the spirit world, would only have to sit and sup, as it were, alone. You might grow spiritually yourself for no power could cause you to cease to hold communion with the loved ones who have passed over to the spirit side of life. There is nothing so near and dear to a Spiritualist as that communion with their loved ones. They would not sell this for all the gold that has been minted in your land; for it has brought unto them that joy and comfort they never could have received through any other channel. And, friends, while I know that many desire that all mediums should be silenced; that all those who are controlled by the higher intelligences must not give out that which they receive, yet, friends, should the law even pass that mediums must not give forth that which they know to be true it would have no effect on the spirit world. You can not silence the voice of the Almighty; you can not silence the voice of the loved ones over there. Although men may try to silence you, or to denounce you, yet within the innermost recesses of your own souls you know that this which has come to you is a grand truth, and never can that still small voice be silenced; never can that thought-wave which strikes you be quenched or carried away; for now and all time will communion be held between this world and the beyond; and friends, if it were possible to silence the voice of these, how dull would your lives become. Where would you seek for joy? There is no power strong enough to prevent a spirit from returning and holding communion if he so desires, and if the brother who sent this question to us fears this, I would say to him Spiritualism has come to stay—Spiritualism never will be silenced. Mediums will talk from now on until each one of you are gathered together on the sunny side of life, and if perchance such a thing would happen, or if such a thing were possible, I would say you would be as many of your church members, dead in spirit.

QUES.—[By J. T. S., N. Y.] Why is Spiritualism more flourishing in America than elsewhere?

ANS.—My friends, how do you know that Spiritualism is more flourishing in America than elsewhere. By what do you prove this? Although you may number more outspoken Spiritualists in the United States of America than in European countries, yet I know there are as many Spiritualists on the other side of the great water as on this side. Perhaps you think there are not so many because they do not declare unto the world that they are such. How many have you in your midst to-day that deny Spiritualism when in their souls they know it is true? What does all this mean? Are they ashamed of the loved ones that come to them, or are they afraid of the opinion of their brother man? If you receive a truth from any source do you not feel that it would be right for each and every one of you to acknowledge it? Do you not feel that truth is the supreme foundation of all progression? And, friends, while in the United States of America you number your millions of Spiritualists, how many gather together and acknowledge it before men, and how can any of you tell how many Spiritualists there are in Europe? There are the same there as here, hiding behind the walls of the churches, sitting in the pews and listening to that which they know to be false; afraid to assert themselves for fear of the contempt of the brother man. Why are men and women not stronger? Why do not they declare their independence here? Why do they not come out and stand up for that which is true? Friends, it is because they fear they will be called cranks—for fear some man may say they are peculiar. If the truth makes you peculiar you better be peculiar than living a false life, and be called what the popular people would term it—a churchman, and know within your own soul you are living a false life. Ah, friends, when the time comes when every man will stand forth in his manhood and be firm unto that which he knows to be true, then will you have that day when the lion and the lamb will lie down at peace with each other. Friends, while you speak of Spiritualism I would ask you where it was first manifested. Away down in the East Indies years and years ago was open communion held between the spirit realm and earth realm, and to day those people, though very ignorant, are very keen in sensing the spirit. They understand all this psychic power better than you do, and they make use of it. They

send messages miles away, and they understand the possibility of spirits more than you do. So in America you number a great many, yet in some parts of Europe Spiritualism is better understood than in America.

QUES.—[By C. A. Brittendall, Anson, Kan.] How can mortals transform their material bodies into ethereal bodies in order to pass from this state into the higher without having to undergo death, so called, or is there a possibility of such transformation gradually that they may carry their earth body with them into spirit; for Scripture teaches that "we shall not all sleep, but be changed," etc., and "death will be overcome," and, instead of death and separation of body and spirit, the body will be so transformed as to be able to ascend from "earth to heaven?"

ANS.—Whether mortals on this planet will ever be able to reach a state to interblend with the spiritual in the manner prophesied by the ancient seers is by no means a positive fact, for physical changes or accidents may occur which will terminate all life before this end is attained. It is not impossible, however, as one of the outermost planets in this system is said to be enjoying this blissful state now; and what can be attained on one of a system can befall another, for they are alike in substance in being the children of one sun. But ages may yet pass by ere this planet will be able to furnish human bodies not subject to changes other than growth or grace, though an age of general clairvoyance and promiscuous materialization of spirits will precede it, so that a natural death will be hailed with delight instead of sorrow, and spirits and mortals will commingle in every-day life with greater comfort than they do now at seances. That delightful time may be nearer at hand than is believed, provided science and Spiritualism are given free range to unfold, and the civilized world continues to advance in the same ratio in the near future as it has done in the recent past. If nothing else is gained by the latter, death, at all events, will have lost its terror in knowing that your loved ones will return just as soon as they can learn the art of materializing, which may, in some instances, be but a few days, or hours, according to their previous spiritual development.

QUES.—[By C.] My developing medium at times experiences some difficulty in regulating who shall have first and second place among the Indian workers, in order to obtain the best results. My hand does not seem to regulate the matter, and confusion and friction sometimes prevail. A visiting spirit, head of the band of a prominent medium, recommends doing without the services of Indian workers, except as healers, and that my own near and dear friends are capable and would gladly stay constantly with me, help me physically, etc., and would be more satisfactory. Why does not my hand decide the matter at once, bringing me only those best fitted for the position that the work may proceed. Will you kindly help us to a knowledge of these laws, as a full understanding is so necessary to the comfort and welfare of media and the furtherance of the work?

ANS.—It seems there is some confusion among the spirit attractions of this medium—partly due to her, as yet, undefined mediumship, and partly to the mixture of magnetisms accrued from sitting in promiscuous circles for development. While some mediums may be benefited by sitting in mixed or large circles, others are not—at least, not after a time, or when able to hold communion independently. Of course, while under tuition, the medium will be more or less subject to the influences attracted from his or her teacher, just as a pupil in school would be. But when a new teacher is taken, both for the same purpose, there will be conflict in the methods, and the pupil will be subject to confusion. One or the other must be given up for good results, or for definite future course to pursue. The decision lies with the medium rather than the spirit band in such cases; and the best general advice that can be given under the circumstances, is, for mediums, who are developing, to sit alone, or with a few harmonious friends or relatives, as soon as any definite indications of control begin to manifest. With patience and a little introspection all will be satisfactorily understood, and peaceful conditions follow.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Noble K. Royce.

Chairman, friends, I am much astonished to find myself here this afternoon, but still not astonished, for I draw very close indeed unto this instrument, and try to make her feel my presence often. The hymn just sung was one of my favorites. It was a hymn that I loved, for I felt indeed blessed by the tie that bound our hearts together in Christian and brotherly love, and while I lived upon your earth, I tried to live as near as possible under this great Christian law of doing unto others as I would have others to do unto me; and while every man and almost every woman in the city of Cincinnati have heard of me, few knew me, but still I know that those who knew me knew that I did try to do my duty earnestly and honestly unto my brother man, and this afternoon I rejoice that this grand truth of spirit-return is true; that this great plan which draws us from the spirit side of life down again to those in the earth life, draws us so close that we can instill into them new courage, that they may not weary on the way. I rejoice that there is no death. I rejoice that to-day I can and do try to assist many upon the earth plane, although but a few short months since my body was laid away. It is but a few short months since I opened my eyes on the spirit side of life, yet how grand and beautiful have I found that life. How grand and beautiful has the love of the All Father been manifested to me; although while upon the earth plane I was raised to accept the teachings differently, yet in the latter part of my life I began to understand and know that He who had created us and created so many beauties was not a father that could cast us away to endless torture, and I realized that through that great love I was moved to live out the life of love principles, and I am glad to be with you this afternoon. I have promised often that I would come to this instrument and talk through her. This is my first attempt, but you may again hear from me, and as I learn on the spirit side of life I will return and give it to them. Noble K. Royce, of this city.

Rachel R. Wolf.

I live in Chillicothe, Ohio. I have near and dear friends there, and to day I desire to send my love to them from this place, although they do not understand this grand truth, yet I know that they will receive my message through the kindness of a friend. I want them to know that mother lives, that mother is happy, and she has found that rest which she has often sighed for while upon the earth plane. There is no sorrow on the spirit side of life, and do not think because I can draw close to you that I can not be happy. I can be happy and know all the conditions which surround you, because I see the end thereof.

James W. Wortman.

I am desirous of sending a message to those who love me in the city of Louisville, Ky. I want them to know that James is all right. I want my wife, Mary E., to know that I am well satisfied on the spirit side of life, and am glad that she has gained this knowledge while she remains upon the earth plane. It is true that I did not desire to learn anything of that which pertains to the spirit world. I was satisfied with the conditions in earth life, and I know to day that if I were again upon the earth plane I should endeavor to educate myself spiritually. Tell her that the younger James is all

right, and that she will hear from him soon, for I see passing through his mind the thought of home. Tell her not to let anything trouble her, for life is too short, and that she will have an eternity to think in. Be careful and let not troubled thoughts annoy her while on the earth plane. [I hear this man laugh as he says this.]

Martha and Lou Millsbaugh.

And we, too, are most happy in the privilege of coming to wait a thought of love—a word of greeting to our dear husband in Anderson, Ind. We thought if we could just send a remembrance and tell dear Jim that no day passes but that we think of him, and send our sympathy and kindly feeling with a desire to help him over the ways of earth life, and to bear his burdens, it would be a pleasure for us to do this, and that is why we come. Little Martha is with us, and is very happy that she can come to her dear father. May the good angel bless and keep him in harmony and peace until the time comes for us to greet him in our heavenly home.

Carrie Dent.

I have tried so long to come here and send a message to my friends; they take the paper and are always looking for a message from me, and now that I have the opportunity, I am extremely glad. To my dear mamma and papa and Sister Margaret and Esther: Little Robbie is here, and Uncle Robert, Dewdrop, Dr. Phillip, Uncle Tom, Oscar, Lucy Peters, Arawa, Aunt Caroline Harris, and many other loving friends. We are all so happy to come to our beautiful earthly home, as there we find that harmony and contentment reign supreme. If all homes were happy as ours there would be little trouble in this weary world. We all send a loving greeting to dear Aunt Esther in her western home. Father's name is Jonathan Dent, of Columbus, O.

Oliver Perrin.

I would like to say just a few words, because I am interested in all that pertains to the enlightenment and uplifting of humanity, as well as interested in this meeting this day, for I lived and passed out in this city. I am glad that this opportunity presents itself. I am still more glad that you have a place where all are made welcome and can reach out and communicate with their loved ones in the form. You may say for me this afternoon I send a greeting to all who remember me in this city, and I would like my old friend to investigate and see and learn something of the truth of immortality of the human soul. If they do this they will find a helper in me, and I trust that all may round out in a satisfactory manner for the good of themselves and the world that they are living in.

Jeannette Letzler.

She was brought to the medium through the influence of Mrs. Luther's lectures on Catholicism. She says: "My parents, grandparents, and all belong to the Catholic Church. My name is Jeannette Letzler. I was called Tude, and I want my mamma to know that I am living, and that I do come back to her in home life. I am not satisfied that the other child is being brought up in the Catholic Church, and mamma would better listen to papa before it is too late."

Simeon Moon.

He has a son living in Martinsville, Ohio. The paper goes to a town near there, and he will see the message. His wife, Priscilla, is with him.

VERIFICATIONS.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

In your issue of May 20th I find a communication given at your Free Circle that I recognize as coming from my son, Harry Thomas, who passed away at Camden, Jay County, Indiana, at the age of three weeks; and also my son Hiram, who passed away at Chattanooga, with inflammation of the bowels, and Hattie spoken of was my daughter-in-law. She died at my home in Montpelier one year ago last February, leaving a nice bird in our possession, which she mentions through Harry. We will continue to care for it while it lives, for her sake. God bless our children! What is there on earth to compare with the great and soul-stirring truths that come to us from those gone before, that say to us: "If a man dies he shall live again." Let the good work go on until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that all truth comes from above, and not from the pulpits; that all humanity from the least to the greatest are God's children, each one to be blessed in proportion to his work and needs. We return our heartfelt thanks to our children for their communication, and thank the great Over-soul and the angel world that we are led by a little child. —THOMAS.

Montpelier, Ind.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

I received a half dozen copies of your valuable paper from different sections of the country, dated May 6th, from dear friends, and I know not how to give expression in words of my gratitude to them, but I trust that God and his holy angels will bless them till their hearts overflow with joy, as mine has for the favor. I wish to acknowledge the communication from Julia Harris as our beloved daughter who left her earthly form some twenty years ago, though we have seen her in her spiritual body and talked several times, the same as Jesus and his followers saw Moses and Elias and talked with them. It is blessed to know that she can still be with us; this knowledge is better than gold and silver, and I can say with the apostles that I count all things else as nothing compared with the excellency of this knowledge; and it is the only new truth taught by Jesus who was called the Christ. It is life brought to light, and I can truly say blessed be the name of God, our father, who has sent these lovely messengers of love. —LAUREL GILLINGHAM.

Woodstock, Vt.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Please accept my kind appreciation in regard to the message from my son, Byron Tully. Proud am I to see his name on the face of your most valuable paper. Oh, if you could know as I do the intense interest the message has created among his railroad friends, you would feel paid a thousand times. Oh, my darling black-eyed boy is known as a star in Hannibal. He has materialized here in full, has talked to his friends in bright gas-light, has returned from his lovely home over there often, and made himself known. He has done a great work for Hannibal that will stand while our earth stands; he has planted a truth in Hannibal since he passed over that continues to grow brighter and brighter.

I send you a message written by his father, who is with our son Byron. It is through the mediumship of Mrs. Ella Allen, who is a wonder.

When a mother was sad at heart she received and recognized a message from her son, Byron Tully, of Hannibal, Mo. It is the love we had for that mother that reaches out to her in her loneliness, to cheer and gladden her declining years. We desire to thank the kind editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH for publishing the same. It was recognized and appreciated. Please accept the flowers as a slight token of our esteem and gratitude. You know we will all meet when the mists have cleared away. —WILLIAM TULLY (Guide).

This communication was written through the power of a young lady friend by request of —MRS. EMMA TULLY.

Hannibal, Mo., May 20, 1893.

[A box of flowers, for which we are very thankful.—ED.]

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

We have had some wonderful things at Mrs. Ross' seances. My daughter Nellie materialized, and told me she would send a message through the LIGHT OF TRUTH, and even stated the time when it would appear in print. It was verified to the letter, and all is correct except that she used to spell her name "Nellie," not "Millie," as was printed.

MRS. D. S. SAILER.

3199 N. Street, W., Washington, D. C.

[Our readers should not be disturbed about the misspelling of spirit names, for test mediums are mostly governed by what they hear, and names are arbitrary things which can not be shaped to accord with orthography as common nouns can. The substance of the message is what the spirit wants conveyed, and if this is rejected because—what to a spirit is of least importance—its name is misspelled, it suffers in soul, and becomes too discouraged to try it again. We should welcome every word from our loved ones, however imperfect the communication, and thereby encourage them to come again.—ED.]

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

In your edition of the LIGHT OF TRUTH of April 8th, I recognize the spirit message from my father, Sylvester Hart. He passed to the higher life many years ago, but my mother, the companion he speaks of, joined him but a little over a year ago. We are thankful for the message, and glad to be assured of their continued love and care. Yours truly, E. C. HART.

Oberlin, O., May 20, 1893.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

I wish to thank you all and especially the dear medium for the message in your Free Circle of May 15th from Dr. Crider. Every name was correct, and it brought me so much comfort. Yours for truth, —ANNETTA B. KREKLER.

Dayton, O.

[Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHING.

MRS. MARY J. COLBURN.

LESSON X.

Imagine, if you can, the condition of a company of pioneers who find themselves in the midst of a dense forest without guide or leader, destitute of skill and knowledge, with no tools save their unskilled hands, and yet by the force of circumstances compelled to develop skill, acquire knowledge, make their own tools, and lead themselves out into the open land.

Such is a faint representation of the condition of our early ancestors. They awoke to a faint consciousness of a grey dawn with no remembrance of a dim antecedent. It was morning without a preceding day.

The book of nature lay open before them, but it was unintelligible, and there was no one to interpret its meaning. They must develop thought, study its pages, invent language, and be their own teachers.

But we will waste on them no sympathy. They were ignorant, but know it not. They were on a low plane and had no conception of any higher.

We have no date for this early morning. We do not remember our own birthday.

And the human race, even in spirit life, has but a faint recollection of these primeval times.

There is ever a degree of enjoyment in the pursuit of a worthy object, even amidst danger, and doubtless our pioneer forefathers while ignorantly seeking some unknown good found their measure of enjoyment in the gradual unfolding of their mental faculties.

As lesson after lesson was learned they felt themselves equal to the task of self-culture. Nature herself was kindly assistant, her varied sounds helped in speech, and perhaps the music of the birds evoked their power of song. They made mistakes, and who does not?

Ignorant of the philosophy of the natural world, no wonder they mistook the storm cloud for a devouring monster, and the echo of the human voice for words from the god of the mountain.

Mistakes are rectified in due time, and when rectified often prove to be lessons of lasting benefit.

Even the bestowment of religious homage upon an unworthy object has its redeeming quality. It quickened and kept alive the fervor of true devotion, which with the full development of our nobler powers will be paid to the moral and spiritual virtues—objects worthy of everlasting adoration.

When we witness the magnificence of your modern architecture; when we contemplate what the mathematician is doing with the ten numerals, what the chemist is doing with matter and force, what the artist is doing with marble and canvas; when we stand beside the astronomer working with his telescope, and with him span measureless distances of star-gilded space, and when unto these mundane we super-add the unspeakable powers of spirit life, we are tempted to exclaim, "O, man, thou art God!"

But we forbear. The human is finite, the unknown is infinite.

STRAY LEAVES.

The stroke of death is but a kindly frost. It cracks the shell, and leaves the kernel room to germinate.

—LIZZIE DOTY.

Because we commune with the so-called dead is no reason why we need be conversant with the dead languages.—SILAS H.

BRIDGED.

The river of death has a beautiful bridge. Of sweetest forget-me-nots made, 'Twas planted by love and watered by tears. It reaches from earth to the beautiful spheres. One end is in sunshine and one in the shade.

—CALLA HARRISON.

What seems to be villainy is often but misapplied knowledge, backed by cupidity and conceit.

Who in vain. Must suffer pain.

—F. V.

LITERARY REVIEW.

MADAM SAPHIRA.—A story of Fifth Avenue. By Edgar Saltus. Paper cover, 50 cents. Pp. 304. F. T. Neely, Publisher, Chicago.

This is a story to be read during leisure hours, and when one wants a change from the common run of fiction writers. It is in handy volume, large, clear type, and made convenient for summer reading.

THE COMING AMERICAN CIVIL WAR is a 300 page book, written and compiled by Burton Ames Huntington. Its object is to call the attention of the American people to the dangers threatening this country from Romanism. Price, 50 cents. For sale by the Western War Association, St. Paul, Minnesota.

OUR LITTLE DOCTOR.—Being a sketch of Helen Craib-Beghly's career as a healer. J. J. Owen, author, San Francisco, Cal.

This is a neat little volume of 134 pages, printed in large, clear type, and prettily bound in red and gold, serving as an ornamental as well as useful article. Furthermore, it is an interesting account of a worthy little lady, who possesses an almost Christ-like power of healing. Mr. Owen, the author, has presented the healer's experiences in his usual clear and concise style, and thereby earned as much credit for himself as he has tried to heap on his heroine. The issuing of this volume has added another testimony to the claims of our cause.

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CINCINNATI, - - - SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893

THE **LIGHT OF TRUTH** cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once discontinued.
We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.
When the postoffice address of THE **LIGHT OF TRUTH** subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and send to us the new address, as well as the old one.
Notice of Spiritualists Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE **LIGHT OF TRUTH** goes to press every Wednesday.
Rejected ads will not be returned, without postage accompanying the same—not preserved—and thirty days after receipt.

First Page.	Fourth Page.
Led to the Light, story by Hudson	Editorial.
A Tramp Circle.	News from Correspondents.
Bravure of Brevity. Bertha J. French.	The Woman's Club, conducted by Emma Rodd Tuttle.
Second Page.	Mediums and Lecturers.
The Financial Problem.	The Crisis Approaches, Lyman C. Howe.
A Remarkable Case, A. P. Buser.	Evolution and Reincarnation, W. W. Peck.
A Seance by Mrs. Williams.	About Eating.
Materialization.	List of Spiritual Books for Sale at this Office.
Third Page.	Eighth Page.
Spiritual Message Department—	Locals and Personals.
Our Free Circle—Report of Seance.	News from Correspondents.
Verifications.	
Instructional Teachings, Mrs. Mary J. Colburn.	
Stray Leaves.	
Literary Review.	

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves must base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A QUESTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Reflections upon the action of a religious body that adopted a resolution and forwarded it to President Cleveland the other day calling on him to maintain the enactment of Congress closing the World's Fair on Sunday, with troops if need be, reveal the identical spirit which during the Dark Ages smothered every ray of liberty that dared attempt an entrance to the human intellect. It is the true spirit of malevolence which has ever characterized an apostate Christianity, and its exhibition in this instance indicates the precarious ground upon which the lovers of fair play and equal rights stand, notwithstanding their firm reliance upon constitutional provisions. The Constitution, national and State, is sought to be violated in every act of legislative bodies having religious liberty for its substance matter. The recent onslaught against Spiritualists, under cover of an attack upon charity in several State legislatures, is an object lesson on this line of procedure designed to break up free thought and free speech in this country. The question for Spiritualists to consider is the single one of remaining passive until the blow strikes them and arouses them into action or throttle the incubus of ecclesiastical tyranny while preparations for the blow are being made. Certain it is that the enormity of the outcome involved in these recent crusades has awakened extreme interest amongst spiritualistic bodies, and the **LIGHT OF TRUTH** hopes to be able to publish ere long the representative declaration of the Spiritualists of this country that the time has come for a union, having for its object the resistance by constitutional means of the encroachments of sectarian bigotry.

When so-called Christian bodies become reckless enough in their nefarious estimation of security and right to call on the chief executive of the nation to uphold a partizan religious observance, having no sanction in the fundamental law of the land, by force of arms, it well behooves the friends and supporters of liberty to act. It is a spectacle which can not be left to the tide of affairs without endangering the very life of the nation and subverting its institutions to the directorate of ecclesiasticism. And upon the Spiritualists mainly rests the responsibility and the task of upholding free thought and free speech, because they have been foremost in demanding the total extinction of any coalition between State and Church. They have, without exception, deprecated the narrow, intolerant spirit now being so glaringly manifested by the minions of a false religion who blasphemously claim a pure man as their leader.

The issue is squarely drawn, and there can be but one verdict rendered against the Spiritualists in the event of their failure to co-operate in some kind of an organization, and that is an utter indifference of the probity and righteousness of their cause.

THE WRATH OF GOD ALMOST HERE.

We have always understood that the wrath of God was slow, and it is the general hope of the world that death will always relieve the present generation before the storm comes on, but if the Rev. Dr. S. B. Rossiter, of New York, knows what he is talking about the aforesaid wrath is liable to be precipitated by the action of the World's Fair managers in the proposed opening of the Exposition on Sunday. Before an unusually large audience Sunday before last this watchman on the tower of Zion gave the warning sound as follows:

"The decision of the local Commissioners of the World's Fair to open the Fair on Sunday is an impudent fling in the better class of American citizens and their law-makers. This decision of the Commissioners has precipitated a religious crisis, the result of which at this time can not be foreseen."

"This decision is an open defiance of Almighty God. You can call it nothing else. The Commissioners can not plead ignorance. The great law of God commanding the keeping holy of the Sabbath is too well known for anyone to plead ignorance."

"As a result of the open and daring defiance of God I would not be surprised at anything that might happen to the Fair. I would not be surprised if an electrical storm, the like of which the world has never known, should with flashing lightning and tremendous winds level those mighty buildings to the ground and leave Jackson Park, Chicago, a frightful and appalling evidence of the just wrath of God."

"Again I should not be surprised if nothing unusual happened so far as an outward sign of God's wrath is concerned. But there is one result that is sure, the morality of Chicago is bound to suffer, and a harvest of crime will result."

What would be thought of a Spiritualist speaker who should stand upon a public rostrum and pour out such fulminations as these? And yet the newspapers print the stuff and call it news. One can pick up almost any great daily in the country on a Monday morning and find a page of its

contents devoted to the slops of the pulpits of the previous day, while the grand and elevating philosophy of life as given from many spiritual rostrums is ignored entirely.
Great, indeed, are the tendencies and evidences of American degeneration.

Lizzie Borden and Constitutional Rights.

The infamy of the grand jury system and the general machinery of our penal code could find no better illustration than the shameful treatment being accorded to Lizzie Borden, the suspected patricide and matricide, who has been imprisoned for over eight months in a Massachusetts jail. This woman is charged with the basest crime known to mankind, and yet she has languished all this time in jail without a trial.

The Constitution of the United States provides that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed."

It is immaterial what the contributing causes may be which have operated in detaining Lizzie Borden without trial. There can be no justification for depriving her of a constitutional right, and it is high time for the Massachusetts authorities to bring the case to trial or abjure their boast that their State is the proud commonwealth of New England. The guilt or innocence of the accused woman is not by any means liable to be established by a delay of this kind. If the prosecution is afraid of its position let it be known and abandoned. A constitutional right is certainly being violated whether she is guilty or not, and a precedent is being established which will make it impossible for the future suspect to get a hearing, and gradually transform the law machinery of the State into an outrageous autocracy rivaling the despotism of Russia, where accused persons are frequently consigned to prison without a knowledge of their crime. And suppose Lizzie Borden is acquitted, what can the State do to re-imburse her for the wrong heaped upon her by the grand jury that indicted her? Her name is blasted for all time. The society to which the law turns for sanction will have no place for her. No cloak of innocence which a jury can weave for the shoulders of Lizzie Borden will ever protect her from the stinkieries of Mother Grundy. When she pokes her nose into a social compost heap the Pecksniffs, Gilflories, and saints strut and applaud. If Lizzie Borden proven innocent can not escape a gauntlet of this character, the verdict of a petit jury won't help her much. But however this may be she is entitled to a trial, and just as certainly the grand jury inquisition ought to be abolished.

MURDER AND ORTHODOXY.

The death-penalty is a Mosaic institution and has been saddled upon civilization as a curative for various crimes—the last in this country being for murder. Its annulment is desired because death legalized by a State is no less a murder than when committed in the heat of individual passion or through the effect of hereditary tendencies. Furthermore, it opens an avenue for getting rid of a man through execution on circumstantial evidence, or makes it possible for an innocent man to be legally murdered, as it is believed was the case with Carlyle Harris. Comparatively few actual murderers are executed despite the law, and so it might as well be changed to imprisonment for life, and thereby prevent many guilty ones from going entirely free on account of the reluctance of juries to convict. More justice, too, would prevail. And if consistent with other States' and countries where it has been abolished less murders would take place. It seems the law acts as a suggestion. If the State is a murderer-in-law, its citizens seem troubled as by a hereditary evil, and those inclined to murder are infected *nolens volens*.

Of our sister States, Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, and Wisconsin are free from the taint of legal murder, and consequently less troubled with blood-thirsty citizens than many others are where special edicts seem to exist in taking life after the Mosaic fashion. Even Italy has abolished the death-penalty for murder, and substituted for it imprisonment for life. This law has been in effect since January 1, 1890. Roumania abolished the same in 1866; Portugal in 1867; Spain and Holland in 1870; and Switzerland in 1874; several of the South American States have also abolished execution for murder; and Russia punishes only by death for political crimes. Murder is punished by penal service in the Siberian mines. In those countries where orthodox or modern Christianity predominates capital punishment still holds fast, just as it does among the half-civilized peoples of the world. Whether this is due to a hereditary taint, or whether the abolition of legal killing is regarded as a morbid sentiment in the higher ranks of civilization, must be left to the conclusions of the individual. Fact is that it is being done, and the question is, shall it be abolished? If so, let it be done before the criminal record becomes larger, both by legal murder and that done by suggestion which the latter instills into the weak. Examples for good are just as catching as those for evil.

God's Purposes Vindicated at Seventy-Seven Per Cent. Discount.

By a strategic movement, peculiar to those having the affairs of the Almighty in charge, the debt on Talmage's church, in Brooklyn, has been liquidated at 23 cents on the dollar. The able pulpit acrobat, it appears, threatened to resign, which was too much for the creditors, who well knew that if such a dire calamity was to occur their own financial safety, to say nothing of God's cause, would be jeopardized, and so they consented to throw off seventy-seven per cent. and take the balance in payment of all demands.

It is said that the bucolic and lofty tumbler was very much surprised at the unexpected generosity of the creditors, and that after he had pulled himself together, announced that he would on the next Sunday preach a sermon commemorative of the payment of the entire floating debt.

It is refreshing to think that the tremendous obstacle of \$100,000 debt in the path of God's empire on earth thus removed leaves no doubt as to the full realization of all heavenly promises—according to Talmage.

The show business is certainly looking up.

"I WOULD not stand in Dr. Briggs' shoes to day for worlds," said the "Rev." Dr. Sunderland, who is the pastor of a Presbyterian Church at which the President of the United States worships after the most approved style. The remark was occasioned by the attitude of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session in Washington, toward the doubting minister. The sky is streaked with blue as the clouds of contention gather, and the Dr. Brigg chestnut is sure of a roasting.

The right of a man to his own opinions is to be severely tried, and the outcome of it will in all probability determine the right of the Presbyterian Church to hold the palm for maintaining the puissance of mediocrity.

IF IT is consistent with Christianity to pin its faith in Jesus and his law: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," why does it permit this "Christian nation" to make laws interfering with men's faith in being healed as was Jairus' daughter—by the laying on of hands or magnetic healing?

THE World's Fair was thrown open to the public last Sunday, and 125,000 people enjoyed their Sabbath in a manner befitting all good and true Christians. But the un-Christian preachers and their dupes have protested against a continuance of this beneficial act—beneficial to the Fair as well as to the laborer and mechanic—and will endeavor to have their way. But it is to be hoped that reason will prevail and that those concerned will see that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Judge Stein issued on Monday a temporary injunction restraining the Directory from closing the Fair on Sundays. So far so good.

THE Washington correspondent of the Boston *Citizen* writes that Roman Catholics in government employ are allowed time off for attending mass and other religious duties without being docked, while Protestants in the same positions are not allowed such privileges. How is this, Uncle Sam, are you courting the Pope?

WONDER what the expressions of comfort and satisfaction are amongst the Christian Endeavorers, W. C. T. Unionists and all as to the profits of religion by reason of the mockery of Sunday observances at the World's Fair?

The triangular fight over the prize awards, the Theodore Thomas affair, and the Sunday opening problem, makes it look as though the National Commission could take the cake for general all-around incompetency.

Cassadaga Camp.

Thursday, May 25th, was a memorable day at Cassadaga, and will live as such in the history of our camp. For some weeks our camp has been alive with workmen engaged in putting in an electric light plant. May 25th saw everything completed, and as evening drew on apace, the electricians were seen hastening to and fro adjusting wires, etc., preparatory to making a trial of the lights. About seven o'clock in the evening the last wire was attached, and the engineer started the great engine that furnishes the power that will illuminate our grounds during the coming season. Around the engine stood several gentlemen: H. W. Richardson, O. F. Allen, Alfred Winchester, Prof. H. D. Barrett, W. C. Evans, A. S. Barrett, and the electricians, all eagerly waiting for the appearance of the lights. Suddenly the power house became illuminated, and glancing out amongst the trees, the glimmering lamps could be seen flooding the parks and avenues with a radiant glory. The softened light of the incandescent lamps was indeed a thing of beauty to gaze upon; it shone clear and firm, and touched the dark green canopy of the trees with a mellow radiance that made the beholder wonder from whence such wondrous beauty came. Surely the projectors of this great improvement to our camp have a right to rejoice over their successful achievement. All honor to them for their generosity and self-sacrificing devotion to Cassadaga! The perplexities have been many, and the patient workers are entitled to much praise for their forbearance over the many vexatious delays that have beset them on all sides. Thursday evening's brilliant illumination rewarded them for much of their toil, but the expressed thanks of the benefited public will do much to assure them that their labors are appreciated. "Light more light" will shine on Cassadaga from the material as well as from the spiritual side of life.

But the successful achievement in the way of the electric lights is not the only improvement that has come to Cassadaga. The first change can be seen at the entrance to the grounds, where a new iron gate, surmounted by a beautiful arch, has taken the place of the old rickety wooden gate that has done such faithful service for so many years. At the left of the ticket office the underbrush has been cut away, and the swamp filled in with gravel and soil, so that our visitors this next season will find a fine lawn in place of the unsightly marsh of other years. The secretary's office has been moved to the right-hand side of the new gate, and will be remodeled so as to enable people to enter it from without as well as from within the grounds. This has been done to accommodate the outside patrons of the Lily Dale post office, which will be established in this building during the camp season.

Advancing upon the camp grounds, the visitor notices the improved conditions of the streets, which have been graded and made firm by the free use of gravel. Supt. Fuller takes great pride in having everything under his charge done well, hence he is demonstrating daily that he is the right man in the right place, and we predict for him a most successful administration. Indeed, his wisely economic management of all public business, and the rapidity with which he despatches the same, despite the inclement weather, have already won him many golden opinions from all Lily Dale residents.

The Grand Hotel shows that the renovating hand of art has been judiciously laid upon it. The furnishings, both interior and exterior, made the entire building look like a new one, while the added convenience will do much to make the Grand seem more homelike to its many guests hereafter. The Grand is now thoroughly modernized, and is one of the chief attractions on the grounds. It will be under the charge of Mr. Andrews, the most popular landlord in Findlay, O., during the present season, and will be opened from June 5th until September 1st, prox. Mr. Andrews has had twenty-five years experience in the hotel business, and with his estimable wife, will give all Cassadaga visitors a cordial welcome home when they come upon the grounds.

Library Hall and all other public buildings have also been improved, while many cottages have been renovated, others built, and changes for the better made apparent everywhere. Scattered over the grounds, in various directions, pipes for sewers can be seen, a visible promise of what soon will be an established fact, viz: a system of drainage that will do much to improve the sanitary condition of our camp. On May 29th a large force of workmen will advance upon the grounds, armed with picks and shovels, to put the pipes into its proper place. When this work is completed, and our system of water works fully extended, Cassadaga will rank with the average city in lighting, hotel accommodations, adornments, and matters of sanitation. Improvements and progression walk hand in hand, and Cassadaga is feeling the electric influence of these all potent geni in every department of its life. The spirit of reform that has ever brooded lovingly over our camp, has now taken an external form, and is pointing upward to sublimer heights, to greater achievements beyond those of the present hour.

While our guardian spirit has made objective its subjective aesthetic thought, it has not forgotten the moral and intellectual side of life. A psychic school, under the tuition of that gifted teacher, W. J. Colville, will be opened June 12th, from the portals of which will go out students whose souls, touched by the Pentecostal flame of Truth, will radiate an influence that will be a healing balm for the nations, by lifting the pall of error and ignorance from the minds of men. This school should be, and will be, well attended, and the patrons thereof will realize a hundred fold in the unfoldment of soul power.

Already our friends are assembling *en masse*, preparing for the June picnic. We can almost hear the tramp of many feet as they approach our gates. From the ever-vernal hills of the Summer land, from the busy mart and bustling streets of the city, from hamlet, hillside, vale, and glen, our friends are turning their thoughts towards Cassadaga, and those of us upon the dear old camp-ground, can feel these vibrating entities as they come in upon us like sound waves over the sea of life. These thoughts, sent to us in love and helpfulness, our workers here have endeavored to make visible to the aesthetic sense of our visitors, hoping to make better spiritual conditions for all who come to Cassadaga, thereby catering to their highest good by revealing to them the soul world, the only real world in which man dwells. These improvements and new departures in camp-work were the outcome of the suggestions of spirit guides of the camp, made through a series of remarkable slate-writings, of which we shall say more in a future article.

Lily Dale, N. Y., May 26, 1893.

OBITUARY.

At his late residence, 157 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. R. A. Olmstead, was born to the spirit life on May 6, 1893. Dr. Olmstead's earth life was one of great usefulness and beneficence. For many years he was the owner and conductor of a sanitarium in Nappa, California, giving health and relief to many patrons. He was cognizant of spirit power as manifested through the physical organism, prior to the phenomena as manifested through the Fox sisters. His life lines were harmonious to the best teachings of spiritual philosophy. To know him intimately, as did the writer, was to sense purity and simplicity seldom found in the human heart, and a godly degree of wisdom possible to the human mind. His widow, Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, a highly honored member of society, and a gifted psychic, keenly feels the severance of the earth ties.

W. W. S.

Johnsonburg, Pa.

I crave a little space in your valuable paper to present to its many readers a proposed organization, which was suggested, discussed, and a temporary organization effected at Cassadaga Camp last season. The name suggested for this organization was, I believe, "The Mediums' Protective Association," its object being the thorough organization of all Spiritualists for the defense and propagation of Spiritualism into a national organization, subordinate to which would be State and local organizations. Knowing that all opposition to Spiritualism is shown by the persecution of mediums, and the prohibition of the exercise of mediumship, the above name was suggested, and it was hoped that a permanent, organized, chartered association could have been formed, but it was attempted too late in the season, and could not be done. Money was subscribed to the amount of about fourteen dollars, I believe, and it is still in the hands of the chairman, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan Jackson, who is ready to use it in any manner the committee may suggest, or will turn it over to any other member the committee may name, she, herself, being continually too busy to give it the attention she had wished.

Now, friends, seeing as you do, what several persons predicted last Summer, that there would be attempts to suppress mediumship in several of the different States, as has been done in Ohio, Illinois, New York, and other States.

Let us discuss the matter through the columns of our different spiritual papers, and see if we can not find some feasible plan upon which we, as Spiritualists, can organize for self-protection, by having committees appointed in each State to oppose unjust legislation, with money and authority to act with. Also protect our mediums and defend them in court. Also raise funds for missionary work, and plant the standard of Spiritualism in every town and hamlet throughout this great country. We have many good speakers and mediums who are not engaged, small societies not being able to pay them, and so the work stands still. Let us form in line and make an advance this Summer. Let us hear from everyone interested in this subject from Maine to California, and then when we meet at the different camps we may hope to be able to do something towards a permanent organization. Mr. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Lyman, of Fulton, N. Y.; Mr. Alonzo Thompson, of Omaha, Neb.; Miss Cora Rambo, of Newport, Ky., and others of the original committee may be able to present this thing much better than I can, and I hope we shall hear from them. Keep the ball a rolling, sisters and brothers.

THOMAS G. RUFFHEAD.

Onset, Mass.

Onset has now put on her Summer robes and is showing more beautiful than ever. Nine new houses have gone up in the last seven months, some of them large and elegant. New and commodious iron seats will be placed in the grove and the auditorium. There is a greater demand for renting cottages than ever before. Some will fail to get a cottage, but there will be single rooms and suites enough for all. Our lovely bay, with its boats for sailing, fishing, and boating, attracts many persons here from the cities. We now have located here mediums of all kinds. Five of our best materializing mediums own large and handsome cottages. They find this a good place to recuperate and rest during the Summer's heat. I hope your valuable paper will find many subscribers here this year. It seems to me it grows better all the time. I meet some mediums who say they do not care to read at all, and hardly know what is in our own papers. I think this a great mistake, for learning of the experiences of others would often keep them from making some most egregious errors. Education of the right kind will draw to mediums wisdom spirits, who will give us truths instead of ignorance and fallible opinions.

In closing I wish to speak of the admirable quotations and comments upon Walt Whitman by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller in the **LIGHT OF TRUTH** of April 15th. It is fine. I have a copy of "Leaves of Grass," in my library, which was published in 1871. I read it at that time, and it was then to me an inspiration. I keep it and turn to its pages whenever I wish to be stirred to a higher enthusiasm. Surely, while he could soar to the highest moods of the soul, and say, "Nothing but the kernal of things satisfies," he left nothing of the physical world out, and brawn, and muscle, and the sweaty laborer was made to shine forth in a new light, and this has quickened the desires and impulses of many a toil-worn weary one.

DR. SARA E. HERVEY.

Pender, Neb.

Mrs. M. Theresa Allen closed her engagement with the Spiritual and Liberal Society of this place on April 30th. The court-house hall was filled with interested listeners, and if we can set one above another where all have been so good we should say this closing lecture was the best of the thirty odd of the course. The subjects were, as usual, gathered from the audience. "Capital Punishment," from a spiritual standpoint, being one of the subjects given on this particular evening; and the discourse given on it was a masterpiece of logic, power, and eloquence. Mrs. Allen has proved herself a consecrated and effective worker for humanity and good, and carries with her the confidence and affection of the many friends she made during her sojourn among us. We trust the society she has been the means of organizing may live and thrive, and enjoy the privilege of again having her to minister to it and the needy community at no distant day. With this small tribute of appreciation for the labors of our dear sister, and best wishes for the **LIGHT OF TRUTH**, I am very sincerely yours,

GETTY W. DRURY.

Cleveland, O.

A grand donation bazaar and literary entertainment, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, will be given by the ladies of the society, at Royal League Hall, Superior Street, on the afternoon and evening of June 2, 1893.

The display of useful and ornamental articles will be placed on sale, and in charge of the committee during the afternoon.

Among the most attractive will be a most elegant quilt, composed of satin squares, hand painted, to be sold by subscription. Tickets, fifteen cents.

Program.—Piano Solo, Alta King; Song, Russell family; Recitation, Edgar W. Minor; Tableau, "Red Riding Hood and Jack Horner"; A Bouquet of Flowers, by six little girls; Song, Walter Kitch; Recitation and Gestures (a unique combination), by Edgar Minor and six young ladies; Club Singing, by calisthenic group; to conclude with, "Thirty Minutes in Wonderland," by Prof. J. Fischer.

Supper will be served by the Good Samaritan Society, also ice cream and cake. Admission to all-day session, fifteen cents.

All donations to the fair will be received by the committee. Mrs. Effie Moss, President; Mrs. H. Collier, Vice-President; Mrs. Slater, Treasurer; Mrs. King, Secretary.

Dayton, O.

On Sunday evening the 30th ult., Judge Thompson entertained our society, The Spiritualists Library Association, with his lecture on "Noah's Flood." The judge is at home and well versed in the ancient myths, which, perhaps startled some of the "mugwumps," who still hang onto the religious nature myths in ancient lore called "the word of God." Mrs. Maggie Stewart, of Piqua, commenced on Wednesday evening last a series of meetings in our hall, Central Block, giving psychometric readings and tests each evening to good houses. About all were recognized in all their details and gave excellent satisfaction. She is much liked as a lady, besides giving us genuine mediumship. The series closed with a full house Saturday evening, and an overflowing one Sunday evening. Dr. Daniel Martin gave us a beautiful short lecture also Sunday evening. Judge Thompson donated us a nice collection of books last week. The society desire to institute a school of instruction for undeveloped mediums and all others wishing to learn more of the laws of the spirit influence. Dr. Martin is the committee for that purpose, and we hope all our mediums will interest themselves in this matter. I believe all mediumship is open for improvement and for getting higher influences. Let us have the best attainable, and not encourage earth-bound spirits, who finally become an obsession, an injury, to the cause and the medium as well.

J. C. Cox, Corr. Sec'y.

CONCERNING BEQUESTS.

There are, no doubt, many who would be willing to help the cause by bequests if a way could be pointed out which would be held as binding in the courts. At request we have had the subject thoroughly examined by eminent counsel in this State, and herewith print a form which, we are assured, will stand and afford the giver an opportunity to help in some degree the great work.

Form: "I give and bequeath to the owner or owners of a newspaper now published in the city of Cincinnati, the State of Ohio, known as the **LIGHT OF TRUTH** (Here insert full description of property to be given.)

"Which bequest is to be used in the publication of said newspaper and books that may be printed from time to time in the printing establishment of said **LIGHT OF TRUTH**."

In drafting such a bequest the testator should be careful to see that the signing or witnessing of will is done in accordance with the laws of the State in which he or she resides.

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Miscellaneous Articles

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

The Crisis Approaches--A Religious Boycott.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

A special from Chicago of May 5th to the *Huffalo News* reads: "In case the Exposition gates are opened next Sunday it is reported that the word for a boycott will be telegraphed far and wide among the religious organizations of the country, and that a determined effort will be made to destroy the financial prospects of the show, in order that a telling blow may be struck against the non observance of the Sabbath at future expositions. The great hotels which have been erected in Chicago by representatives of various national religious organizations will be the greatest sufferers if a boycott is declared, and the managers are in a state of dire alarm over the prospect." "It is known that thousands of members of the Christian Endeavor Society throughout the country, and especially in Ohio, have signed pledges to boycott the Exposition if it opens on Sunday." "Men who are well informed regarding religious journalism in America declare that fully three-fourths of the weekly newspapers of this class will join in urging people to stay away from Chicago."

And this is Christianity! "Rule or ruin" is their motto, and they will ruin if they rule. We are manifestly approaching a crisis. The long pent-up wrath of decaying sectarianism is gathering for a desperate final conflict with progressive civilization. They have effectually hedged and handled Congress by fraud and wily scheming and got a clearly unconstitutional act passed in the interest of dogmatic theology, and directly against the interest of the people and the success of the great show. Without regard to the rights of others, they now propose to force their evil dictation by a religious boycott. If this account of their plans be true, it furnishes the enemy of Christianity with the most powerful weapon that has been wielded since the seventeenth century. It shows that the direct fruit of Protestant sectarianism (which is substituted for Christianity) is a villainous political scheme to compel all people to obey their arbitrary orders, and a total disregard for all human rights; a despotic and diabolical dictation of unscrupulous priestcraft, the most depraved and dangerous enemy with which republics have to deal. We beate the Catholics for their political ambition and wily schemes to enthrone a Pope in America; but they are no whit worse than these plotting Protestants who have no regard for justice or liberty, except as they can wield them for ambitious ends and make themselves masters of the public conscience.

They can not hold against the intelligence of a free people, nor cope with the reasonings of Spiritualists and liberal thinkers. They have used billingsgate, slander, ridicule, and all the weapons of decaying authority, and appeal to ignorance and prejudice to small purposes. Free thought has steadily advanced. Dogmatic theology is impotent in the intellectual arena. With all the learning and discipline of its creedmen it is no match for the progressive thinker, and the only hope for the survival of its dictatorial authority is in coercion. This is the old method revived to save the sinking craft from utter ruin, it is their only hope in the "last ditch." Christian boycotts! Christian organizations in this free country (?) lending themselves to a scheme to ruin the World's Fair if they can not bind it in their Pagan swaddling clothes! A Christian (?) scheme to compel the whole world to bow at a Pagan shrine! They very well know that *Sunday* is a cion from Paganism, without a shadow of a warrant in the Christian's Bible. It may be no worse for being of Pagan origin, but what would our dogmatic dictators say if the "Heathen Chinese" or devout Moslems should dictate to the Columbian Exposition what days it might be opened and what days it must close? They have just as good right to impose their religion on this republic as any class of Christians. Only on the principle that "might makes right," have Christians any better claim. But this is the rule that governs Christian ethics in the organized expression of their standard. If all felt as I do their boycott would be a boomerang. But hold! This report may not be well founded. What if it should prove false? Well, that would leave me less charge against the Bibliocratic idolaters. But the Edwards Bill in New York, which classes all mediums, clairvoyants, etc., as swindlers to be fined twenty-five dollars for each offense for finding lost property, forecasting events, etc., for reward, and the same spirit as recently displayed in Ohio and Illinois, indicate the religious trend, and we may expect any measure that bigotry can devise and engineer through a careless legislature, will come to the front, and a wholesale boycott would be in order whenever they see a chance to make it a success. They have got on the war paint. They are getting down to business, and the only remedy left us is to spot every politician that favors class legislation, or religious meddling in State affairs, and unite to a man at the polls to elect all such to stay at home. Let liberty of conscience, and the private and commercial rights of all mediums as well as all others of whatever name or faith, be the foremost issue in all political action; and ignoring old party bonds, let us with one voice put down this herd of petty political poodles who have no higher appreciation of a free government of the people, by the people, for the people, than to make it a party machine for the manufacture of sectarian idols and defying the Constitution for the glory of orthodox diabolism.

There is no Christianity in this boycott. There is no religion in it. There is no patriotism in it. It is simply a malevolent display of moral idiocy and sectarian rabies. It is against every sentiment of justice and gospel liberty. It is a plague-spot on the character of the Church, that endorses it. It is the old virus of Torquemada, at whose name humanity revolts, and the witch-killing madness, which is an eternal blot on the Christian character, of Puritan bigots. Let us strike bands over all party ties and unite to banish this sectarian infamy from the republic.

EVOLUTION AND RE-INCARNATION.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

I seldom give more than a passing glance to published lectures, but Mr. W. J. Hull's reputation as a thinker, and the title of his discourse published in your issue of May 6th, viz., "Evolution vs. Re-incarnation," caused me to read carefully his views therein expressed, and while I hesitate to criticize the views of a fellow worker lest I create unpleasant feelings, I feel that, in this case, criticism is a duty, and I do not doubt that Brother Hull will accept it in the same kindly spirit it is offered. The subject of evolution is to me one of the most interesting of all, and I have given much thought to it, especially in its bearing upon the question of a future life. The general truths of evolution may be regarded as settled. The evidences have accumulated so rapidly and numerously that it may be considered a demonstrated fact.

This being so, then the question of continued existence as viewed in the light of this law must necessarily be of the utmost importance, therefore, we should welcome every effort to shed new light upon it, and I am glad that Mr. Hull should discuss this matter as he does, even though I am compelled to differ with him in some of his premises as well as his conclusions. Permit me to say at the outset that I am prepared to accept the theory of re-incarnation as taught by its leading exponents. Yet, when such teachers as Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colville, Mrs. Lake, and others of like ability give

it their support, it is, at least, worthy of respectful consideration and does not deserve the ridicule many are disposed to heap upon it.

Of one thing I am confident. Whether re-incarnation is a fact or not, there is nothing in the laws of evolution, as properly understood, which conflicts with it in the slightest degree. If Mr. Hull's arguments lead to the conclusion he has deduced, it is because his premises have not been in accordance with the facts as laid down by all authorities upon the subject, and this I desire to show. Although there are a number of points in his discourse which are open to criticism, I will mention but two or three, as the most of them have no bearing upon the main issue.

Speaking of the formation of worlds Mr. Hull says: "Heat, producing condensation and contraction, began in the nebula by virtue of which the satellite was left to whirl its eternal course around the primary."

Passing by the rather audacious use of the word *eternal* as applied to the course of a satellite, I am constrained to say that the above is a singular statement to proceed from so careful a thinker as Brother Hull is reported to be, and I am almost inclined to lay the blame on the reporter or compositor. "Heat, producing condensation and contraction." Surely the lecturer must have known that this is exactly the reverse of the truth. Heat causes rarefaction and expansion not condensation and contraction. It is the radiation or elimination of heat thus lessening the rapidity of vibration of the atoms, and permitting them to draw nearer together under the law of cohesive attraction, which produces condensation.

It may be urged that this point has no bearing upon the main question at issue. Perhaps not, but if the speaker has thus misapprehended facts in a matter so simple, may he not have failed upon other points vital to the subject? We read further, and sure enough we find that he has done that very thing. Speaking of the evolution of forms he says: "There is nowhere to be found any receding or retrogressive action in the great general outworkings of nature's laws." It seems to me that only the most superficial view of evolutionary methods could prompt such a statement, for, as in the former case, the exact converse is true as all evolutionists know. There is no fact more fully demonstrated than that the process of evolution is one constant succession of progressive and retrogressive steps; of integration and disintegration; of building up and tearing down. This rule holds good in every department of nature so far as man has been able to extend his observations.

Naturalists have long recognized what they term "retrogressive metamorphosis" by which they account for the peculiar forms of many plants and animals. Degeneration is as much a fact as elaboration in the evolutionary process. Retrogression in plants, animals, races of men, society, languages, continuing for great periods of time, are fully recognized by those who have made a study of these things. The belief is wide-spread among evolutionists that the monkey is a degenerate descendant from some extinct creature which probably formed the "missing link" between the simian and the human. One branch has elaborated into man, the other has degenerated to the ape.

These being facts, then the strongest objection to re-incarnation from the evolutionary standpoint is removed, for we have not the slightest reason to suppose that natural law is eliminated or banished from the spiritual world, and the possibilities of temporary degeneration in that world are made quite apparent. As I have already stated, I am not prepared to accept the doctrine of re-incarnation as taught by its leading exponents, but it is not because of any obstacles contained in the laws of evolution, but because of greatly insufficient evidence. I can scarcely believe that an Emerson or a Webster will "bob up," as Mr. Hull says, in the form of a Hottentot a few thousand years hence, but I am not prepared to deny that the process may be reversed. So far as evolution is concerned both propositions may be correct, for however long continued or however low the degeneration, the state is but temporary when compared with eternity.

Mr. Hull's objection that the people who have been born into the world since the fall of Rome outnumber those who have passed away by hundreds of millions is not by any means insuperable. As man has inhabited this planet for hundreds of thousands of years the earth has doubtless been populated and depopulated many times, so there would be no lack of material for re-incarnation if it were a fact.

Evolution affords some of the most striking and convincing evidences of life beyond the grave, and this fact is beginning to be realized even by those who are styled "ultra-Materialists." At first sight this theory seemed to antagonize the spiritualistic view, but deeper investigation and profounder knowledge have modified greatly the extreme views of the materialistic scientists, and to-day the immense majority of evolutionists, including its leading lights, are believers in the immortality of the soul. That evolution not only points logically to a future life, but that its rational and logical sequence is a modified but positive form of the doctrine of re-incarnation I fully believe. I can not think that it justifies the extreme views of the Theosophists and of some of our Spiritualists, but it gives a color of truth to them and affords another evidence of the oft-stated fact that all errors have more or less basis in truth, which has been magnified and distorted by the lenses through which it was viewed.

The limits and scope of this article will not permit me to give the reasons for the faith that is in me. Many who have listened to my lectures know what they are, and I regard them as conclusive from the premises.

W. F. PECK.

About Eating.

Some recent statistics go to show that we are eating more than we can make good use of. The stomach is the hardest-trying organ of the body. We get too lazy for severe hand work and head work, but are never too lazy to work our stomachs. The consensus of the opinions of the doctors is that we use too little fluid and too much solid. We should, they tell us, drink more water, especially in the morning after rising, and in the evening before going to bed; and we should eat much less voraciously. Eating, which was originally a process to balance waste in the economy of life, is now, to a great extent, resolving itself into the gratification of gastronomic desires. The wonderful capacity for work possessed by the world-renowned Professor Tyndall is attributed, according to his own confession, to a rational view of this subject. He began life with the conviction that eating too much was quite as sinful and almost as injurious as drinking too much. Acting on this principle, he was able to work sixteen hours a day at severely intellectual tasks. Overeating not only lessens the power to do protracted mental work, but spoils the equality of what is done. We probably eat one-half more than is of the best value for any purpose. Our energy is used in getting rid of superfluities, rather than in deriving the needful amount of nutrition from the food we eat. It is demonstrable that by far the majority of deaths are attributable to the difficulties we involve ourselves in from the superfluous part of our food. Very few suffer from over-feeding.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

It is only during a temporary suspension of our passions that we can realize what lies beyond our sphere of existence. Abnegation, therefore, not only lifts the curtain to a higher view of life, but often whets the appetite for a taste of it or intensifies the ambition to enter into and become a part of it

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